DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

VOLUME XVI., No. 2. MONTREAL & NEW YORK, JANUARY 15, 1881. SEMI-MONTHLY, 30 CTS. per An., Post-Paid.

RUNNING FROM TEMPTATION.

A TRUE STORY, BY MRS. J. P. BALLARD.

It was a long, hot walk for Jessie, nearly a mile, to Sabbath-school. She lived in the country, and could not get in to the village church every Sabbath, and she was only too glad to go to the little Sabbath-school in their district every week. And very likely she paid better attention to what she heard when she got there, because it did require some trouble to go so far and always be in time. Jessie's mother was very particular about the Sabbath-day. She never forgot how her own mother regarded it, and the first text she ever learned from that mother's lips: "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

One day Jessie came in with a flushed face from Sabbath-school.

"I 'remembered'!" she said, going up to her mother with a pleased look.

"Remembered what, Jessie?"

"The Sabbath-day. I was going along Brier Lane, and I saw, oh! such nice blackberries. I could see some ripe ones, and I was sure there were some further down the little stream. I picked two or three, and was half tempted not to go to school, but stay and get berries. Then I knew that wouldn't do. But while I was saying my lesson I thought of the berries. Susie Boyd told me after school there were lots of ripe ones, and Milly Ford and Fanny were going to stop with her and get some. They wanted me to go too."

"What did you tell them, then?"

"I said I couldn't stop on Sunday. I walked along with them until I came in sight of the berries, and then I shut my eyes and ran, just peeping out a little to keep from falling, till I was past the lane, and then I walked on fast, and every step was lighter and lighter all the way home."

"That is worth a great deal to me," said Jessie's mother tenderly. "To-morrow I will take you over to your Uncle Arthur's and Walter and Harry and Daisy, and you shall go blackberrying, and have a little picnic besides. And I am sure the berries will taste much sweeter to you than they would have done to-day."

"I know they will," said Jessie. "And it's just as easy when I shut my eyes and keep saying 'No, no,' to myself."

"It would be a blessed thing if every person when tempted to do wrong, would shut their eyes and run from the temptation. It is easy, at first, to do that, but if one begins to go in a wrong path, saying 'Just this time,' instead of 'No, no,' they will find it grow harder and harder, and their way, too, instead of becoming 'lighter' at every step, will grow darker all the dreary way. We should always remember who it was that taught us to ask, 'Lead us not into temptation.' He is able to keep all who look to Him, and lead their feet in a safe and happy way.—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

BERTRAND FELL EXHAUSTED ON THE SHORE." (*See fifth page*).

THE POISON-BUSH.

BY ELIOT.

At a Sabbath-school Anniversary in Brooklyn some years since, Rev. Dr. Hodge related the following interesting fact. During a visit he made to the Bahama Islands, a shower of rain unexpectedly fell. Such an occurrence is very rare at the Islands except during the rainy season, and is regarded with great dread by the natives, who as rapidly as possible seek the nearest shelter.

On this occasion, a little colored boy was caught in a shower at a distance from home, and having no place to go to for protection, crept under a bush that was near. Its foliage, however, was not dense enough to keep him from the rain, and he was wet by the water trickling thruogh the leaves. Unfortunately for him, the bush was a poison-bush, and the water falling on the leaves caused the poison to strike into his little limbs, so that in a short time he was dead.

After the shower he was found and carried to his home. Dr. Hodge was requested to attend his funeral. The circumstances of his singular death excited his curiosity and he wished to learn something more about the fatal poison-bush. An aged negro told him that it grew abundantly upon the island, but that by its side there always grew another bush which was its antidote; and that if the little boy had known it, and had rubbed himself with the leaves of the healing bush, the poison would have done him no harm.

What an illustration is this of the sad fate of those who have been poisoned by sin, and know not how to escape from its dreadful consequences. But for this fatal poison there is a sure remedy, provided by the same God who placed the antidote beside the poison bush. The Cross of Christ is the Tree of Life. Let the suffering and the dying come to that and they shall be saved, for "its leaves are for the healing of the nations."—*Christian Weekly.*

NEVER FORGET ANY THING.

Charge your mind with your duty. That is largely the true definition of faithfulness. But memory and mistakes are used as apologies a great deal oftener than necessary. A boy beginning business life will generally lose his place who pleads such an excuse more than once or twice.

A successful business man says there were two things which he learned when he was eighteen, which were afterward of great use to him; namely, "Never to lose anything, and never to forget anything." An old lawyer sent him with an important paper, with certain instructions what to do with it.

"But," enquired the young man, "suppose I lose it; what shall I do then?"

The answer was with the utmost emphasis, "You must not lose it."

"I don't mean to," said the young man, "but suppose I should happen to?"

"But I say you must not happen to! I shall make no provision for any such occurrence. You must not lose it!"—*Selected.*

HOW MANY a Christian is spending in what is sheer luxury and ostentation an amount that would confer countless blessings on the heathen world. Surely we are "playing at missions."

Temperance Department.

TELLING FORTUNES.

BY ALICE CARY.

I'll tell you two fortunes, my little lad,
For you to accept or refuse,—
The one of them good, and the other one bad;
Now hear them, and say which you choose.

I see, by my gift, within reach of your hand,
A fortune right fair to behold,
A house and a hundred good acres of land,
With harvest-fields yellow as gold.

I see a great orchard, with boughs hanging down
With apples of russet and red;
I see droves of cattle, some white and some brown,
But all of them sleek and well fed.

I see doves and swallows about the barn-doors,
See the fanning-mill whirling so fast,
See men that are threshing the wheat on the floors,
And now the bright picture is past.

And I see rising dismally up in the place
Of the beautiful house and the land,
A man with a fire-red nose on his face,
And a little brown jug in his hand.

Oh! if you beheld him, my lad, you would wish
That he were less wretched to see;
For his boot-toes, they gape like the mouth of a fish,
And his trousers are out at the knee.

In walking he staggers now this way, now that,
And his eyes, they stand out like a bug's;
And he wears an old coat and a battered-in hat,
And I think that the fault is the jug's.

Now which will you choose—to be thrifty and snug
And to be right side up with your dish;
Or to go with your eyes like the eyes of a bug,
And your shoes like the mouth of a fish?

JOE'S PARTNER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BABES IN THE BASKET," &C.

(*National Temperance Society, New York*).

I.—JOE'S HOME.

A whole family working in the field together! Small, slight father, tall, gaunt mother, slender little boy, and merry little girl. There they all were, as busy as bees, and hoping to make money if not honey by their labor.

The sun was hot, and the soil was tough, and it was plain it was a new business to them all; yet hour after hour they went steadily on.

First came the father making the holes for the corn, the boy dropped in the seed, then followed the mother covering it all up nicely, and finally little Mollie danced and jumped by every hill, as if hers were the most important duty of all.

As the day wore away, the father stopped whistling at his work, and looked doubtfully at his small, blistering hands. The large eyes of the wife grew darker and more sunken, and her mouth was firmly shut, as if there were words within that needed more than prison bars to keep them from doing mischief. Kate Barber was very tired, and tired women will take gloomy views of life.

"It is rather hard," she thought, "that I should have to work in the field in the hot sun until I am ready to drop, when we might have had a comfortable home if—"

Mollie peeped under her mother's sun-bonnet, and saw something there that made her cease to trip merrily at her side, and she drooped and lagged in the little procession like a wounded soldier. This could not last long with healthy, happy little Mollie. She found a dead bird, hushed it gently on her bosom, wrapped it in her apron, and sang to it, until she was the perfect picture of content. The words of the childish singer came to her mother's ears:

"Jesus loves me, this I know,
For the Bible tells me so."

Right to her heart they went like a message from heaven. Yes, Jesus loved her, tired Kate Barber. She believed she was His child. Had he not comforted her in many a sorrow? Was not the work in which she was now engaged an answer to her prayers? Had she not asked for some quiet home where her husband could be out of temptation? Had she not been willing to endure any hardship, if she might have a hope of keeping him from a drunkard's path? God had put it into the heart of her old aunt to pledge herself that the first year's rent of this little place should be paid, that Harry Barber might have a chance to keep the good resolutions he professed to have made.

Kate Barber was ashamed of herself that she so soon had begun to murmur at her share in the labors of the new home. She was not the only one that was tired, that was plain. Harry's red hair hung in dark points round his damp forehead, and her boy—her dear Joe—was actually limping, though he tried to put a good face on the matter and laugh a little now and then with Mollie.

"Come," said the mother, cheerily; "we have all worked enough for to-day, and I think we had better go in."

This proposition seemed to put new life into the little party, and they trudged toward the house as contentedly as if a luxurious meal were awaiting them. Fresh water, white bread, and a little cheese—how good they tasted! Hungry as they all were, it was no wonder that there was but little left when they arose from the table.

"Yes," thought Kate, "I must make bread to-night, and have it ready for breakfast in the morning, and that will be the last of the flour."

Kate knew that in their poor home the pantry and the purse were equally empty, but she was not in despair; her heavenly Father would care for her and help her in all her troubles.

While Kate was silently clearing away the table, with these thoughts in her mind, Harry walked restlessly about. Now he was at the door, now at the window; at last he said, decidedly:

"I must go to town to-night. It can't be helped. I must mend the chicken-coop in the morning, and there's not a nail in the house."

"Never mind about the chickens, I'll see to them," said Kate, cheerily. "You are too tired to take another step this day. Come, you stretch out on the settee."

"Stop, Kate," said the husband quickly; "I'm going to town. Didn't you say this morning the flour was almost out, and your brown shawl must go for the next? I can take it in to-night, and get the flour and other notions and that will be taking time by the forelock."

"Harry, I think there's a shower coming up; it's very black in the west. There's no use in going to-night," urged the wife.

"Get the shawl, woman," said Harry, angrily. "Why must there be such a talk about everything."

Kate silently obeyed.

She had not far to go, for there were but two rooms in the one-story house, and it was but a step to the trunk where her choicest treasures were kept. She had the key on a string, which she wore round her neck, "lest Mollie should rummage," she said, even to herself, though she knew there was some one else who might be tempted to go there secretly—some one who once had been as honest and true as the sun.

The brown shawl with the yellow spots had been a Christmas gift fron her old aunt, long years ago, and yet the folds in it were as fresh as if it had been bought yesterday. To Kate it was a most valuable possession, just the thing for a respectable married woman, and connected, too, with those bygone days before she knew care or bitter sorrow. To Harry it was an almost useless thing, that was kept locked up in a trunk, to come out once or twice a year on special occasions. It was much more to the purpose, that it should provide for the family, he thought, and he threw it over his arm, without so much as a "thank you" to Kate when she quietly handed it to him. Kate sat down on the door-step and watched her husband as he walked quickly away.

The house stood far back from the road, and on the edge of the field where they had all been working that day. Along by the fence there was a foot-path beside the two deep ruts that marked where occasional waggons had come up to the house. It was a poor, lonely-looking place, and a poor, lonely-looking woman Kate seemed, as she kept her eyes on her husband until he reached the turnpike and turned his face toward the town three miles away.

It was not her beloved shawl that Kate was regretting as she sat there silently. If it were but brought back in good food for them all, she would only be too thankful that so they were provided for; but there were saloons to be passed, there were old companions to be met with. Would Harry keep his new resolutions?

Kate was so anxious and miserable that she bowed her face on her knees, and sat for a moment the image of silent distress. Mollie came behind her, and, throwing her little brown arms round her neck, she said:

"Come, mamma, I want to say my prayers and go to bed. Will you hear me?"

Prayer; that was just what the mother needed at that moment. She must place her hand in her Saviour's, or she could not go on in the dark, dreary road that seemed to stretch out before her. Mollie repeated the Lord's Prayer, and then added her usual petitions:

"God bless father, God bless mother, God bless brother, God bless Mollie and make her a good girl."

This was all, but in those few words, the mother, too, drew near to the throne above and found comfort.

(*To be Continued.*)

JANE DUNLAP'S WISH.

BY MARY DWINELL CHELLIS.

"O dear! I wish—"

"What do you wish? Tell us, and perhaps we can help you get your wish," said a pleasant-looking girl, coming up to where the speaker was standing by the big gate.

The child who had first spoken started with affright at this response to the thought she had uttered. She would have hurried away, but it seemed impossible for her to move. She could only look at the intruder with wide-open eyes. There were two other girls and a boy coming toward her.

"Don't be afraid," said the boy pleasantly. "We wouldn't hurt you for anything. Mother said we might come to see you; she thought you'd be lonesome. She means to come to see your mother to-morrow."

Jane Dunlap drew a long breath of relief, yet she was ill at ease with her visitors. She was a stranger in a strange place. Her parents were so poor and wretched in the city they were glad of any change, but, unfortunately, the husband and father brought with him the enemy of the household.

"I guess you wanted to see somebody," now said one of the girls. "There ain't many neighbors round here, and we were real glad when we heard there was a little girl over at the camp. The wood-chopper used to live where you do, so folks called it a camp. Do you like it?"

"I should if I could get my wish. When you come I was wishing—just what I always do. I read in a book once that if you keep wishing and wishing you'll get your wish some time. So I'm trying, but I've wished ever so long."

"Tell us, and perhaps we can help you. We know how to do lots of things."

"I wish my father would stop drinking liquor."

"Does he drink liquor?"

"Yes, that's what makes us so awful poor. Mother says so, and it makes us feel so awful bad we 'most wish we could die. It ain't real good where we live now, but it's better than the old cellar we come from. You can't help me, can you?" asked Jane wistfully.

"I shouldn't wonder a bit if we can. We are poor, but it an't because anybody drinks liquor. Father got hurt, and it made him lame, so he couldn't work for ever so long. We have a queer little home, and we don't have much money, but we are real happy. Father could always tell us what to do, and now he's getting better we are so glad we want to sing all the time. It an't very bad to be poor if you only know how to make the best of it."

"Drinking liquor an't making the best of it."

"I guess it ain't. It's making the worst of it. But don't you be discouraged. We'll help you get your father to stop. We four will all try, and four children on the right side are too much for one man on the wrong side. Father and mother'll be on our side, too, so that will make six, and God is stronger than the old demon of alcohol; so we have the best of it anyway. Father says if all the children in the country would band together to put down liquor-drinking they could do it. We'll try and stop one man from drinking."

"So we will," replied Jane, in a voice which had lost much of its sadness, and before summer was over she exclaimed joyfully: "I've got my wish! I've got my wish! My father don't drink a drop of liquor."

What four children have done four other children may do.—*Temperance Banner.*

THE DRINK CURSE.

A DOOMED ARMY.

"Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching!" How many of them? Sixty thousand! Sixty full regiments, every man of which will, before twelve months shall have completed their course, lie down in the grave of a drunkard! Every year during the past decade has witnessed the same sacrifice; and sixty regiments stand behind this army ready to take its place. It is to be recruited from our children and our children's children. Tramp, tramp, tramp!—the sounds come to us in the echoes of the footsteps of the army just expired. Tramp, tramp, tramp!—the earth shakes with the tread of the host now passing. Tramp, tramp, tramp! comes to us from the camp of the recruits. A great tide of life flows resistlessly to his death.

What are they fighting for? The privilege of pleasing an appetite, of conforming to a social usage, of filling sixty thousand homes with shame and sorrow, of loading the public with the burden of pauperism, of crowding our prison-homes with felons, of detracting from the productive industries of the country, of ruining fortunes and breaking hopes, of breeding disease and wretchedness, of destroying both body and soul in hell before their time. Meantime, the tramp, tramp, tramp! sounds on—the tramp of sixty thousand yearly victims. Some are besotted and stupid, some are wild with hilarity and dance along the dusty way, some reel along in pitiful weakness, some wreak their mad and murderous impulses on one another or on the helpless women and children whose destinies are united to theirs, some stop in wayside debaucheries and infamies for a moment, some go bound in chains from which they seek in vain to wrench their bleeding wrists, and all are poisoned in body and soul, and all are doomed to death. Wherever they move, crime, poverty, shame, wretchedness, and despair hover in awful shadows.

There is no bright side to the picture. We forget—there is just one. The men who make this army get rich. Their children are robed in purple and fine linen, and live upon dainties. Some of them are regarded as respectable members of society, and they hold conventions to protect their interests! Still the tramp, tramp, tramp! goes on, and before this article can see the light, five thousand more of our poisoned army will have hidden their shame and disgrace in the grave.—*Scribner's Magazine.*

ANY SAINT OR SINNER who dreams that the principle of prohibition will ever prevail to any considerable extent without the most earnest and persistent efforts is laboring under a delusion. Whenever there is an opportunity to write a line or speak a word, the opportunity must be improved most faithfully. In the church and Sabbath-school, at home and elsewhere, in season and out of season, there must be constant energetic work. Somehow or other New England, which is now the deadest part of the North on the question of temperance, must be waked up. There are more than 800 Methodist ministers in New England, and we call upon them to take the most radical ground on this great question. Come to the front on this line, brothers, and wake the thunder of victory along the line!—*Zion's Herald.*

DR. WILLARD Parker says: "The average life of temperance people is sixty-four years and two months, while the average life of intemperate people is thirty-five years and six months. Thus the average life of a drinker is but little more than half that of the non-drinker; and yet we are asked to believe brandy, whiskey, gin and beer are wonderful promoters of health, strength and life!"

THE HOUSEHOLD.

TOM'S MAXIM.

"So you and Tom Wilson are soon going to be married, Alice? Well, I'm glad to hear it, and I hope you will be happy; but take my advice—keep on with your own work, and have your own money. Don't have to go to him for every sixpence you want."

"But Tom won't hear of it, Lina. He says I shall have quite enough to do to keep the house clean and cook the meals, and he shall earn money enough to pay for them; he says he never thought of getting married until he could get enough to keep his wife."

"Ah, that's all very fine, Alice, and just for a week or two you'll have it all your own way; but wait till the novelty's worn off, and you will find he'll grumble every time you want a new pair of boots or a yard of ribbon. No, you have a good business at your fingers' ends. Don't give it up, or you'll be sorry; and just tell Tom straight out that you will have your own money the next time you see him."

"Well, I'll speak to him about it; but he won't like it, I'm sure."

Caroline and Alice were orphan sisters. The elder had been married some years. Her husband was a clever, steady workman, who earned plenty of money, which, however, he was rather too fond of spending on himself. His wife, who did not like being constantly stinted and complained of as extravagant—which she certainly was not—soon after their marriage returned to her own business, and worked whenever she could. They had three little children, who were "minded" by a neighbor's child, but the result was not always satisfactory.

Tom Wilson worked for the same firm, and had long been a friend of William Harris, Caroline's husband. It was in their house he had met Alice, who often spent the evening with her sister. Tom would be there too, and would walk home with her to the house of business at which she was employed; and so they fell in love with each other. Alice was a pretty, sweet-tempered girl, but rather too easily guided, and her elder sister thought it but right to give her a lesson from her own married life, which was a great mistake, as Tom's ideas on the subject did not coincide at all with William's, and so poor Alice was troubled with doubts and fears which were quite unnecessary. On the evening of the day when Alice had promised to speak to Tom, he and William were walking home together.

"Come in with me for an hour or two, Tom; then we can go down to the club together."

"I will come in, but I hope to see Alice to-night, so can't go with you to the club."

They entered a house as he spoke and went upstairs to William's home—three nice large rooms on the second floor of an old-fashioned house, which had once been described as "a genteel family residence," but was now let out to working people in floors. How cheerless and un-homelike the sitting-room looked! Tom had lived in lodgings alone for several years, and he had visions of a happy home, where plenty and comfort reigned supreme, of a bright fire-side, and a cheerful, loving wife awaiting to welcome him.

He looked at his friend's home and shuddered. The remains of the dinner lay on the table, the fire was out, the fireplace untidy; the two eldest children, with dirty faces quarrelling on the floor, the baby whining hungrily on the girl's lap, who, busy reading some worthless book, took no notice of its cries.

"Where's your mistress?" demanded William, sharply.

The girl started up in confusion, knocking the baby's head, who thereupon howled dismally.

"Please, sir, missus sent in to say I was to get tea and put the children to bed; she's got to stay late, and won't be home till nine."

"What a nuisance! Well, get tea then, and be quick about it. Here, give baby to me." And he took the little fellow, and fed and soothed him; for he really loved his children, and could not bear to hear them cry.

The tea was weak and smoky, and the children, neglected and spoiled, by turns, quarrelled and clamored all the time, to Tom's great discomfort.

"Father, speak to Johnny; he's pinching my doll," shrieked little Lina.

"Lina's making faces at baby, father; she's been doing that all day," presently retorted Johnny.

"Take these children to bed; I can't bear their noise any longer," at last said their father, in despair.

After many objections and some scuffling on their part, and threats on their father's, they were at last hustled into their bedroom, whence presently arose muffled screams, as Johnny refused to take his boots off, and Lina persisted in going to bed without being washed. At this moment Alice arrived.

She felt mortified to see Tom sitting there, nursing baby, in the midst of all this dirt and confusion; she could not help seeing that this would not make married life appear very attractive to him. She therefore quickly set to work to tidy the place and quiet the children, and Tom watched her about and thought what a clever wife she would make.

"Well, as you're here, Alice, I'll just step out for a little while. You'll stay till Lina comes home? Yes—well, you're not alone, you know." And with a sly look William departed, only too glad to leave his cheerless home; and before he returned he had spent more than Lina had earned all day, including her extra two hours' work. Meanwhile Tom waited quietly until Alice had finished her work and the little maid had gone home, and then he drew Alice close to him, and taking her hand said in a kind but very serious tone—"Alice, my girl, this wouldn't suit me."

"No, Tom, I know; but you see it isn't always so. Lina was late to-night, and——" Alice nearly cried with vexation.

"I know, Alice. No offence to your sister, but trust me, a married woman's place is in her home. My maxim is this: it is the man's place to earn money, and the woman's to spend it; and what she earns out at work is worse than wasted, for her home goes to rack and ruin and everybody in it is miserable. Come, Alice, we'll hear no more about you working; I can earn enough to give us home, and food, and clothes, and a holiday now and then. Trust me, Alice, I will not keep you short, you shall have all my money—I know you are not the girl to waste it; and when you find me unable or unwilling to work for my wife, it will be time enough for her to begin working for herself. Now, isn't that a fair bargain?"

Alice thought it was, and agreed to it, and then it was sealed—never mind how; and for the next half-hour—but there, I dislike telling tales. Only I will just say that when Lina came in, tired and cross, she remarked that they looked very comfortable.—*British Workman.*

A CHEAP GREENERY.

Every one who has had any experience with window plants in winter knows there are several difficulties to be encountered, and that it is very difficult, nay, impossible, to make plants grow in a window with the same thrift and vigor that they show in a greenhouse.

These difficulties arise chiefly from the excessively dry air of most dwellings; from the dust incident to the frequent sweeping of the same; from the insects which infest plants which can not be smoked and showered frequently, and from the imperfect supply of sunlight which a window affords.

A greenhouse avoids these difficulties, but requires an outlay of money and a devotion of time beyond the reach of many lovers of flowers, who yet would be able to spend a few dollars to erect and stock such a greenery as I propose to describe, and who could easily devote the few hours each week which its care would require.

The situation for a greenery should be the south or southeast side of the parlor, or dining-room, or study—some room that is well warmed, whether by a furnace or stove, and that has a southern window reaching nearly to the floor, through which one can easily step out of the house into the greenery.

Get some sash made at the sash factory, that will inclose a space 3x4 feet and 7 feet high, with a glass roof and sides, provided there is no danger of icicles falling on it, in which case the roof should be made of matched boards. These sashes should be made to fit exactly, and are best fastened in place by hooks upon the inside, the joints being made tight by a lining of list or India-rubber. This style of construction admits the removal of the whole thing in May, when the glass can be replaced by an awning, and the plants removed to their summer quarters in a half-shady garden.

The floor is best made of hard pine or spruce boards, with a hole in the lowest side to drain off water after showering the plants. Curtains will be needed to draw down behind the plants in cold nights, to keep out frost, and in very severe nights a large kerosene lamp placed on the floor and allowed to burn all night will assist surprisingly in keeping the desired warmth.

When the house is undergoing a sweeping, or when the greenery has to be smoked to kill insects the window opening into the house is closed, tightly; at all other times it is kept open and gives all the ventilation required for the plants.

The plants in a greenery of this kind should be freely showered every day, which will soften the harsh effect of the very dry air of most of our dwelling houses; they should also get a good smoking with tobacco stems, burned in an inverted pot, once a week; and, after the smoking, a good showering.

If it is desirable to have a much larger space than this for a greenery it will be found necessary to provide heating apparatus. This is always troublesome and expensive; but if the dwelling house is heated by steam or hot water it can be arranged very easily, and sometimes a pipe from an ordinary hot-air furnace can be carried into a greenery from a house cellar. Wherever artificial heat, however, is supplied in this way a good deal of care will be needed to avoid too hot and dry an atmosphere, which is injurious to vegetation. To winter the common kinds of greenhouse plants, not tropical in their nature, a damp temperature and uniform atmosphere is needed, the thermometer ranging from 40 degrees to 55 degrees by night, and from 60 degrees to 75 degrees by day.

Any one will probably be able to choose such plants as will best suit his own taste in filling up a greenery of this sort. I will only say, by way of advice, avoid all tropical or stove plants and such as have a very delicate character. The following are general favorites, and will be almost sure to give satisfaction: Calla lilies, heliotrope, geraniums, oranges, carnations, violets, roses, jessamine, ivy, smilax, cyclamen, bouvardia, azalia, daphne odora, camellia, and many others. Such delicate things as the heaths, and all tropical or stove plants, should be avoided, as their requirements are beyond the conditions of so simple a greenery, and disappointment will surely follow placing them therein. —*American Cultivator.*

HOUSEHOLD PERILS.

Under this head the Boston *Journal of Chemistry* names several dangerous substances which find their way into households. There are two or three volatile liquids used in families which are particularly dangerous, and must be employed, if at all, with special care. Benzine, ether and strong ammonia constitute this class of agents. The two first named liquids are employed in cleansing gloves and other wearing apparel, and in removing oil stains from carpets, curtains, &c. The liquids are highly volatile and flash into vapor as soon as the cork of the vial containing them is removed. Their vapors are very combustible, and will inflame at long distances from ignited candles or gas flames, and consequently they should never be used in the evening when the house is lighted. Explosions of a very dangerous nature will occur if the vapor of these liquids is permitted to escape into a room in considerable quantity. In view of the great hazard of handling these liquids, cautious housekeepers will not allow them to be brought into their dwellings, and this course is commendable.

As regards ammonia, or water of ammonia, it is a very powerful agent, especially the stronger kinds sold by druggists. An incident in its use has recently come under our notice, in which a young lady lost her life from taking a few drops through mistake. Breathing the gas under certain circumstances causes serious harm to the lungs and membranes of the mouth and nose. It is an agent much used at the present time for cleansing purposes, and it is unobjectionable if proper care is used in its employment. The vials holding it should be kept apart from others containing medicines, &c., and rubber stoppers to the vials should be used.

Oxalic acid is employed in families for cleansing brass and copper utensils. This substance is highly poisonous, and must be kept and used with great caution. In crystalline structure it closely resembles sulphate of magnesia or Epsom salts, and therefore frequent mistakes are made and lives lost. Every agent which goes into families among inexperienced persons should be kept in a safe place, and labelled properly and used with care.

APPLE SNOW.—Stew some apples till tender; sweeten to taste; mash them up, and place them in the centre of a dish; round and over them place a layer of boiled rice, dry: whisk the whites of three or four eggs until quite light and frothy; cover the whole with this froth; sprinkle over it powdered sugar coloring a little of it with cochineal.

PUZZLES.

TEN WRITERS OF FICTION.

James brought his cot to the fire, and on it laid baby Dick. Ensigns Johnson and Trumbul were here on account of the thaw. Thornesby might have found his walk to Hebron, ten miles or more, disagreeable, had it not been for the co-operation of the farmers along the way. These he repaid with gold. Smith's horse took him safely to the postern entrance of the city. Here he met three couples starting for a stroll. Opening his eyes in wonder at this spectacle, he followed them to the water's edge. Worth all the struggle he had endured was the grand panorama of nature now spread out before him.

UNDERGROUND RIVERS.

1. Oh! I owe that man a dollar.
2. You will find us at the post-office.
3. It was a company of soldiers.
4. Is ever not a long time?
5. Well, De Kalb, any more soldiers?
6. No rangers were to be seen in the distance.
7. The whole nation is in a disturbed state of affairs.
8. "You must come and see me to-morrow or else I never will speak with you again," spoke Effie, in an angry tone.

CHARADE.

My first possession does imply,
A number for my second try;
My whole to press does signify,
You'll find it if your wits you'll ply.

WORD CHANGE.

I am a beautiful tree when entire,
Behead, and unburned, I often hold fire;
Replace my head, curtail—and then transpose
And I give voice to the heart's loves, joys and woes;
Transpose, and I'm heard 'mid the din of strife,
Where sabre and ball are searching for life;
Beheaded I'm a hue that ne'er was seen,
In blooming flower or in forest green;
Transpose, I am a river broad and free
That through Italian valleys seeks the sea;
Changed again, I'm a city that stands
On the borders of Africa's arid sands;
Now change me to a baby's name, that will
Beheaded remain a baby's name still.

DECAPITATIONS.

Behead a sly animal, and leave a useful one.
Behead a fish, and leave an interjection.
Behead glassy, and leave an Egyptian vegetable.
Behead an article of clothing, and leave an animal.
Behead a verb, and leave yes.

CHARADE.

"The sage who lit a candle in the day,"
Was looking for my first;
And ever since prim maidens gray,
'Tis said keep up the search.
When true and good, the noblest thing
By the Creator made,
My first walks forth, all nature's king,
In conscious power arrayed.

Where graceful palms in Eastern lands
Their grateful shadow fling,
And oases' mid scorching sands
Tell of the welcome spring;
'Tis there we're told my second grows,
In bunches rich and fair;
No child its pleasant taste but knows,
Though few have seen it there.

My whole by the monarch is spoken,
And quickly the soldiers obey;
They heed not the hearts that are broken,
The mothers in anguish who pray.
The city with weeping is wild,
Though tears 'gainst my whole are in vain;
Each mother laments for her child,
With Bethlehem's innocent slain.

BERTRAND THE VRAIC-GATHERER.

CHAPTER II.—VRAICKING TIME.

Although a great impression had been made on Bertrand, it did not result in his acting rightly. He ought to have told his father what he had done, for he had sinned against him as well as against God. He certainly had never possessed a shilling that gave him the annoyance this one did. Since the day he received it from his father, it had lain in a little white-wood box in his chest among his clothes. What he wanted money so much for was to have enough to buy some fowls of his own. Ned Lane had told him that he would sell him his for five shillings, and Bertrand longed to possess some hens, for he thought he could sell the eggs and soon make money. He had heard of many people who now were rich who had begun upon eggs.

He knew quite well that it was wrong to have taken that shilling; that it was stealing, and stealing of the worst kind, for it was taking money that had been given to God.

The August days came to an end, and in September the weather was splendid. The farmers all rejoiced, for they predicted that it would be fine weather for the vraicking.

Ned Lane had been brought up in England, and had never seen the vraicking.

'How often do you have it?' he asked Bertrand one day, when they had been talking for some time about the hens.

'Twice a-year is 'racking time,' replied Bertrand, pronouncing the word as the Jersey people do; 'in spring and autumn.'

'Curious kind of stuff, isn't it?' asked Ned, as they leant over the sea-wall watching the tide coming up. 'Is it all that yellowish-brown kind of seaweed you see on the rocks over there?'

'And can any one go?'

'Yes; and we can never cut it except on the days appointed by the States, in March and September, for a fortnight.'

'Oh yes, at those times they can.'

'Why not at other times?' asked Ned.

'Because in spring and autumn tis ripe, and better for the ground.'

'Fancy its being valuable! I heard the other day that it was,' remarked Ned.

'Yes; the farmers think a good deal of it. You see, in spring we generally put it on wet and in the autumn we dry it and burn it, and then put the ashes on the ground.'

'Father uses some dark stuff for the fire, but I did not know it was vraic.'

'I suppose you have never seen it before,' said Bertrand.

'No. Do you get plenty of it?'

'Oh, yes. La Rocque is a fine place for it. All those rocks, when the tide is out, are mostly covered with vraic.'

Of course Farmer Hibert made the most of the season, going out every day with the tide, taking Bertrand with him, and often returning very late.

BERTRAND ILL AT EASE.

The evening before the last day of the season came, and as the tired farmer sat with his wife by the kitchen fire he said he did not think he should go on the morrow.

'Why not, father?' asked Jeanne.

'I have hurt my foot, dear! I sprained it a little getting out of the boat to-day; and besides, I have got enough vraic, quite as much as we shall use for our land. We've worked hard; haven't we, Bertrand?'

'Yes father,' said Bertrand, contemplating his great high boots, which were drying at a little distance from the fire.

'Father, when you were out to-day the new clergyman called,' said Jeanne.

'Ah! and how is the good gentleman?' asked Farmer Hibert.

'Very well,' answered the farmer's wife. He says that on Sunday week there's to be a missionary sermon.'

Bertrand at the words was bending over the table, and he lowered his head and turned away from his supper.

'I remember last year you liked it so much, Bertrand, and the same gentleman is coming again,' continued Mrs. Hibert. 'And Mr. Esnel told me that the missionary-boxes will be opened next Sunday, and—'

Without saying good night to any one Bertrand rose from his seat and ran out of the room, not even waiting to hear the end of his mother's sentence. Up the wide, low stair-case, two stairs at a time, he rushed, to his bedroom.

'Dear me! what can be the matter with Bertrand?' said Marie. 'How quickly he went off! And he looked so queer!'

'Yes,' said Mrs. Hibert; 'I can't make out what has come to the boy lately. He is not the same as he used to be, and several times he has run away in this fashion.'

'I haven't noticed anything of it,' said the farmer. 'Perhaps he has not gone to bed, and will be coming back.'

But the mother's eyes were more observant, and though she said no more she wondered to herself what could be the matter with Bertrand. She might indeed wonder, for all her guessing would never have resulted in her finding out the real cause.

CHAPTER III.—THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL.

Bertrand lay awake for some time that night. He was in a tangle of perplexity, and very miserable. If he had only had the courage to go to his father and tell him all his trouble, matters would have mended. It was not that his father was severe, for that he rarely was, but Bertrand was ashamed of what he had done and shrank from the further shame of having to confess it. Then, too, he forgot one thing—he forgot to ask God to help him in his difficulty. He puzzled his brains to find some way out of it; he thought and thought and at last he hit upon an expedient which he thought would serve his purpose. He had now quite resolved to put back a shilling into the missionary-box if only he could get one. The same shilling he had taken he could not put back, for he had spent it, but if his plan succeeded he would be able to give not a shilling only, but more. The next morning early he went to his father.

'Father I want to ask something,' he said.

Farmer Hibert was standing at the sea wall, looking at the splendid sunrise away in the east, and the flood of light that was poured over the shining sea and the rippling waters.

'Well, my boy, what is it?' asked the farmer.

'May I go out vraicking, father?'

'I can't go with you, my foot is too bad,' answered the farmer. 'I've suffered such pain all night that I could hardly sleep.

'But alone, father—may I go alone?'

'Well, yes, if you will be careful. But there's really no need, for we've got vraic enough for all we're likely to want.'

'Yes, but father, I wanted to know if I might sell it for myself.

'Oh, that's it!' said the farmer, smiling. 'Very well, yes; you're a pretty good boy, Bertrand, and never give me trouble, and you deserve a little reward.'

Bertrand's cheeks flushed as he heard his father's words of praise, and thought how that fond heart would ache if he really knew how he had acted.

Farmer Hibert concluded,—

'Get the vraic, and sell it, and keep the money. There now, be off, and get the boat ready.'

The day was a lovely one, and Bertrand, after a hurried breakfast, took some bread and cheese with him and went out with the high tide. He rowed far out and then waited in the boat until the tide had gone down and he was able to get out and cut the vraic with the large kind of reaping-hook he had brought with him. He worked very hard. Above him was the blue sky, in which there was not a single cloud, and around him the rocks, covered in many places with the heavy vraic, and others on which lichens, black and golden, grew plentifully. There were seaweeds, too, of all colors; every shade of brown and green, and some nearly black, growing in clusters or tufts, and lining the little pools.

At last he had got a large quantity, the boat three-quarters full, but he thought he might get a little more. If only he could make some money! The very idea was so delightful that his heart beat quickly at the thought. Then he remembered how his father had cautioned him over and over again against filling the boat too full, boats through being overladen had been swamped, and more than once lives lost as well. But he would not heed the unpleasant thought, and went on loading the boat with the heavy seaweed. At last he had quite done his work. The tide was flowing fast, and flinging the reaping-hook on the top of the seaweed he got into the bow of the boat.

The rising waves lifted her gently off the strand, and when once afloat Bertrand began to row, but he had gone scarcely a dozen yards when, in a way that seemed quite extraordinary to Bertrand, who was not on the alert, the boat went quietly down, and sank in deep water.

Bertrand by a great effort freed himself from the boat and rose to the surface. In an instant all his past life seemed unrolled before him. He seemed to remember every action, right or wrong, that he had ever done; every word that he had spoken, every scene that he had taken part in, and above all, the sin that so easily beset him—coveting love of gain; for had not his overloading the boat, so as to get more money, been the cause of swamping?

While he thought thus he was struggling hard among the floating masses of seaweed that entangled him. But he was very strong and a good swimmer, and at last freed himself and struck out boldly for the land, which he reached, and fell exhausted on the shore.

His cries for help were heard by some vraic gatherers, but when they carried the wet and dripping body of the lad into the great kitchen of Ferme-du-Roi there was no sign of life about it. Happily, after much rubbing with hot towels, breath and life returned, and Bertrand was carried to bed and nursed by his mother and the doctor, who had been sent for, and by the next morning was not much the worse for the accident. The boat had been recovered, and as Bertrand looked out of his bedroom window he caught sight of it stranded on the shingle. The sight recalled all that had passed the day before.

Never could he forget those few moments of agony when he was so near death; never could he lose the remembrance of what it had been that had brought him to it. Conscience was speaking very clearly to him, and Bertrand listened, humbled and repentant.

Dressing himself quickly he went downstairs. His mother was not down yet, Jeanne was helping her upstairs; only Farmer Hibert, who always was an early riser, was in the open doorway.

'Father,' said Bertrand, 'I want to tell you—'

'Ah my boy, don't go over it all again; you told me last night about the boat sinking, and of how nearly you were lost,—don't tell it again, for it was my fault letting you go alone, and it makes me feel so bad.'

'But father, I—'

'Ah, my boy,' interrupted the farmer, 'it was terrible to think I had so nearly lost you!' and as Bertrand looked up, he saw tears in his father's eyes. That touched him more than anything. He loved his father dearly, and the thought that he had caused him so much sorrow made him strong to confess all.

'Father, don't blame yourself about letting me go alone. You know I've been before alone when I was only a little lad, and I know the sea well. It was my fault; I overloaded the boat because I wanted more money.'

And as Bertrand stood by his father's side in the doorway he told him everything. He kept nothing back; all about the boat, the cheating the missionary-box, and the shilling, all was told. His father said he must tell Mr. Esnel about it, and Bertrand, too, felt that it must be done.

Much bitter pain had Bertrand to suffer, much shame and remorse, for the sins he now saw in their true light. But the pain was the godly sorrow that worketh repentance, and it helped to change Bertrand's character very much. He determined to be watchful, and, God helping him, never to forget that the love of gain had led him to sin against truth and honesty, and how very nearly it had cost him his life.

L. E. D.

"BERTRAND TURNED AWAY FROM HIS SUPPER."

PRIDE.

Prov. xii. 16-19: "These six things doth the Lord hate; yea, seven are abomination unto him: a proud look, a lying tongue, and hands that shed innocent blood, an heart that deviseth wicked imaginations, feet that be swift in running to mischief, a false witness that speaketh lies, and he that soweth discord among brethren."

Prov. xiii. 10; "Only by pride cometh contention, but with the well-advised is wisdom."

Prov. xxi. 24: "Proud and haughty scorner is his name, who dealeth in proud wrath."

Prov. xi. 2: "When pride cometh then cometh shame; but with the lowly is wisdom."

Prov. xvi. 18: "Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall."

Prov xviii. 12: "Before destruction the heart of man is haughty, and before honor is humility."

Prov. xxix. 23: "A man's pride shall bring him low; but honor shall uphold the humble in spirit."

Luke i. 5: "He that shewed strength with his arm; he hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts."

Matt. xxiii. 12: "And whosoever shall exalt himself shall be abased; and he that shall humble himself shall be exalted."—*The Christian.*

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest."

The Family Circle.

SAVED.

BY ROSE TERRY COOK.

Oh! how shall I abide the day,
The day of doom and dread,
When God shall roll the skies away,
And call the sleeping dead?

When all my sins unveiled shall stand,
And on His judgment book
The tribes of men, on every hand,
With eager eyes shall look;—

Drawn out in lines of living fire,
Or strokes as black as night,
By God's divine and righteous ire,
Arrayed to blast my sight!

Across that page Thy bleeding hand,
My Lord and Saviour draw!
Thy blood is Gilead's sacred balm,
Thy death fulfils the law.

That flood of anguish and of love
Shall cover all my shame;
And all my life in heaven above
Be glory to thy name.

RAY'S MISSION.

"I wish I could do something." Ray Severance dropped the needle she was threading with violet zephyr idly upon the dainty square of cream canvas and gazed dreamily into distance.

A large, pleasantly located room, with the afternoon sun streaming in through the carelessly closed blinds, a closed piano with a faint suggestion of dust and neglect about it, a few scattered books and papers, chairs and tables with a reckless demeanor of location, and an imperfectly dusted what-not with nameless trifles irregularly disposed about it. A little glimpse of a dining-room with light and flies holding supreme control over a metaphorical jubilee of enjoyment, a partially prepared tea-table, and a general aspect that very closely resembled untidiness. This was the scene.

Ray Severance, tall, slender and seventeen, with that subtle suggestion of "style" that made everything she wore and did seem namelessly graceful and indescribable about her: Ray, with her unusually brilliant record as a student in the city academy, and her proficiency in music and drawing, was the housekeeper here; her father was rarely at home; he travelled in the interests of his own commercial business; her mother was dead.

Handsome, hard-working Jack, nineteen-year-old Will, struggling with his book-keeping in his father's office and his scholastic desires, twelve-year-old Ralph, the school boy and torment of the household, and nine-year-old Ben, clustered around Ray, the only girl of the family and unconsciously looked to her; and yet this illogical, unreasoning young lady, who had lately given herself to the Lord, her heart warm with loving enthusiasm and zeal, and overflowing with desire to honor and glorify her Saviour, folded her hands and wished for work to do.

"What would you like to do?" The gentle query came from her companion, Grace Pemberton, a diminutive little lady with curling chestnut hair clustering about a fair forehead placid with settled peace and happiness, and a smile that pierced the shadows of life and warmed and gladdened and inspired, so joyous and loving it was.

"Oh, something grand and noble that would help others, and show them I really did mean to do honor to the cause of Christ."

"A generous wish," said Grace gently. Is there nothing you can do?"

"Well, I might, only that I am so confined here at home I do not have time," said Ray, as she turned her work to shade the pansy she was making.

"And here?" was the mild suggestion from Grace, as she placidly worked a buttonhole.

"Well, I don't know"—Ray looked round the apartment, then she laughed—"there is room for improvement surely, but the fact is, Grace, my room does not look like this; I keep it in some kind of order, but the boy don't care for the fussy little trifles that I have, and I do the work the easiest way, and save hiring help."

"I am aware your room is perfect in the matter of neatness and attractiveness," smiled Grace. "I have rested there too often not to know that. Are you sure the brothers do not care?"

"Well," hesitated Ray, meditating a little, "I never thought they did. I always get their meals and have their shirts in order. Now, Grace, you're thinking of something. Tell me what it is. What have I done or what have I not done."

Ray was called proud, but she rose and came over to Grace and sat down by her, looking earnestly into her face. "I believe you think I have a field of labor here that I have not discovered. Tell me about it." She took Grace's work gently from her hands, and held them in her own. There was no disputing that a strong affection, sweetened and broadened by this living love for their Saviour, existed between these two.

"I was only thinking, dear," said Grace with that winning sweetness of which she was so largely possessed, "in what a grand, beautiful useful place you stood. Remember, the boys have no mother. They cluster round their home with you as its joy and attraction."

Ray sat still, thinking soberly and silently. At last she said: "Grace, do you think they would notice if there were flowers in the rooms, and fancywork, as there is in mine?"

"Yes," said Grace unhesitatingly, "they might not notice each article individually, but the general effect of grace and beauty would impress them, and whenever their hearts recurred to their home, it would be to remember it as holding the strongest attraction of any place on earth. Ray, dear, it is your God-given work to make it all this."

"But I could not do so much work," said Ray, doubtfully. "It takes nearly all the time, as it is."

"Yes, I know," resumed her friend. "Do not do any more. Keep your strength and energy to minister to the minds and hearts of your brothers. Take your place as the nominal head of this home. Make it a happy, beautiful one, and hire some help. It will pay."

"I know the boys would be willing," said Ray. "They are very good to me though I don't stay with them as I ought. It is so tiresome when you want to shut the door on household tribulations, and forget them in a good time, to feel that you ought to stay."

"I know it," came the gentle, sympathetic answer, "but, Ray, let us remember 'even Christ pleased not Himself.'"

"And I do want to please Him," said Ray humbly and earnestly. "Grace, dear, you have given me new thoughts, a great many of them. I am not going to sigh for new work any more. I'll take what the Lord has given me cheerfully and try to do it well. Is there anything more?"

"Wouldn't you open the piano?" It was a gentle, telling suggestion, and Ray said eagerly, "Yes, I will. I never play for them, and they all love to sing."

"Then you have a new power to keep them with you evenings," said Grace enthusiastically, and Ray reproached herself as she thought how often even her little brother Ben spent his evenings in the street.

"You must stay to tea, Grace," she commanded, "and next time it shall be nicer," and with a faint remonstrance or two Grace complied. She opened the piano and played several spirited melodies, that Will coming in from work clapped his hands to hear.

As they rose from the well-spread table, for Ray took pride in her ability to cook well, and went into the sitting room, Grace said, "Let us sing something," and they all clustered about the piano, and sung song after song.

"Ray, are you going out?" asked Ben as Will left them, and Jack went up to his room, first promising Grace that he would see that she reached home safely.

Ray shook her head and smiled. "I was going to the library, but you'll go for me, won't you?" she said.

"Of course," said Ben promptly, "where's your book?"

"On the table," said Ray, "you might bring something we could read together, and"—

"Robinson Crusoe?" questioned Ben, brightening. "If you choose," said Ray; it was a threadbare story to her, but if Ben liked it she would enjoy it with him.

"Don't stay long, will you?" she called as he closed the door, and he opened it long enough to say, "Only fifteen minutes."

"Boys, do you care if I hire a girl?" Ray looked across the table, and asked the question as Jack buttered a biscuit and Will sipped his coffee.

The boys looked amused, and Jack said, "What for, sis?" He was fond of his pretty sister, and he showed it in tone and manner.

"Oh, some extra work, and by the way, I don't seem to have much time with any of you. I think we ought to have some pleasant evenings here together, and if you will help me, we will."

"Count on me," said good-natured Jack.

"What is to be the programme?" asked Will.

"Oh, reading and music, study and general improvement," answered Ray, merrily, "will you all come?"

"Do you admit checkers?" asked Ralph, growing interested.

"O yes," replied Ray, "but you will have to instruct me, Ralph."

"Well," said Ralph, "I will, sis. To-night, did you say? I promised the boys to go with them to-morrow evening."

"And that makes me think," said Ray. "bring the boys in when you want to, Ralph, you can have the dining-room."

"All right," said Ralph, as they rose from the table, and he went out of the room puzzled but happy.

"Well, we'll come," said Jack as he left. "What time does the curtain rise?"

"At half past seven," said Ray promptly, 'with the piano open."

"I'll send up Mary Murphy," said Will as he shut the gate.

"Do, that's a treasure," called Ray after him, at which gentlemanly Will took off his hat, and bowed with a polite good morning, saying to Jack as they parted at the corner, "What freak is upon Ray now?" and receiving for an answer, "I do not know, but it is a pleasant one."

And Will, as he took down the ponderous ledger, thought "the pleasantest thing that has happened since mother died."

"It is a real shame," said Ray to herself, as she surveyed the bare walls of Jack and Will's room, and looked back into her own, pretty and carefully kept. They occupied the front chamber, the prettiest in the house, but it looked desolate and somewhat neglected. "It shall not look so long," decided Ray, as she industriously swept, while Mary Murphy sang, washed dishes, and scrubbed below.

"It looks some better," she announced to herself after she had worked an hour. The carpet was bright as sweeping could make it; the bed dressed in a new white spread heretofore sacred to the spare bed, but which Ray decided was not too good to be used; her braided pillow-shams with the dainty monogram "S" were added to the plump pillows. Ray brought up, with Mary's help, a writing-desk from her father's room, and arranged their books and papers, hung up and looped with ribbons some fresh white curtains, promising herself some lambrequins for their windows at the earliest moment of manufacture. Then she added a bright bouquet to the little table with its white cover, set the study-lamp on her prettiest lamp-mat in the centre, and pronounced it for the present done.

"How nice you look!" said Jack, coming in wearily and dropping down into the first chair, while he looked in a pleased way about. The room was cool and shaded with curtains drooped low, with open piano and invitingly scattered books, papers and music, a study table, and a domino box for Ralph and Ben. Ray had brought in her ivies, twined them gracefully about the pictures, pillaged her room of all the suitable fancy work, and dotted the whole with two pretty bouquets.

"Rests a fellow to see this," said Will, appearing in the back door. "Ray, you're an angel!"

Ray's eyes filled with pleased tears, even while she felt a regretful throb. No work! Ah, how she had been mistaken! These were not perfect young men, only home-loving, warm-hearted, and affectionate brothers, yet here they were gratefully praising her every effort for their comfort. This would be hers all the time, and the approving smile of conscience over the performance of these humble duties. "I'm afraid you have not been so happy as you could be at home," she said, "but I mean to do better now. I did not know you cared so much for these things," she finished, smiling at Ben, who came in rosy and damp from his hasty toilet.

"Some good fairy has been in our room," said Jack as he came down stairs. "Thank you, sis. I mean to stay there all the time."

"But we won't let you," said Ray; "and now attention, boys! if you don't fold the spread and pillow-shams every night they shall be banished."

"I give you my word of honor as a gentleman that ceremony shall never be omitted," said Will, while Ray laughed and called them to supper.

What need to speak of the happy evenings that followed, or of the bright months, even years, that succeeded this new era in the lives of this family?

Life was not all successes and smooth places for Ray. There were dark days, and discouragements, and troublous times for the young housekeeper. There were self-denials and self-forgetting, hard things to do, but the God who gave Ray her mission abundantly blessed the cheerful, loving willingness with which she labored. Ray lived to know, in a happy home of her own, that her brothers were earnest, Christian, temperance men, who looked back upon that home as the brightest spot, the most endeared, hallowed place in their lives.

They had always looked upon sister Ray as the infallible counsellor, guide and sympathizer of their every trouble and gladness; to her they ascribed their successful lives, their happiness, and their hope of heaven. And she said reverently, "Let no woman say there is no work to do who has a home, however lowly;" and she read, with happy smiles and tears struggling for ascendency, upon the fly-leaf of the family Bible which Will had sent her from Harvard where he was studying: "Give her the fruits of her hands, and let her own works praise her in the gates."
—*Interior.*

DAISY'S LESSON.

BY M. B. WALDRON.

"A froggie would a-wooing go,
Whether his mother would let him or no;
So off he sat, in his opera hat;
On the road he met with a rat!"

Gaily sang Daisy, sitting on the rug on the piazza, arranging the drapery of her doll's overskirt.

A voice coming through the curtains of the long window at her back interrupted her.

"What do you know about frogs, Daisy?"

The child's bright face grew serious.

"What do I know about frogs, Nell? Oh, ever so many things! I know a frog begins with a pollywog and grows into a tadpole, and by-and-by his tail drops off, and he's a frog. And sometimes frogs and toads get into the middle of great rocks and trees, and live hundreds of years without anything to eat or drink."

And Daisy returned to her doll-dressing with an air of wisdom.

There was a rustling sound behind the curtains; they parted, and out stepped a young miss of fifteen summers, who had her hair stylishly arranged, and her pretty dress relieved with dainty lace and ribbons, not at all such a looking person as you would expect to be interested in frogs.

"Come with me, Daisy, and I'll show you something."

Daisy laid her doll carefully upon a cushion and followed her sister.

Presently Nell stopped beside a bench in the back yard, and said:

"What do you see, Daisy?"

"I see an old pail with some water, and grass and weeds in it."

"Do you see nothing else?"

"Nothing, except some scum floating around on the top of the water."

"Well, look closely at the scum, as you call it. That is a gluey substance, and the black specks you see in it are frogs' eggs. I was out with Jack this morning, looking for beetles, and we brought this home. If you will watch these eggs every day, you will learn how frogs grow. Each female deposits about twelve hundred eggs in the water; then the sun shines on them and keeps them warm."

"Don't the mamma frog have any more bother about them, Nell?"

"No. You will see that each one of these eggs will turn into a tiny lump of jelly, and it will cling to the grass by means of a small sucker; then it will develop a tail, and it

will breathe by means of a wonderful apparatus called gills, so that really a baby frog is a fish."

"Oh, I know what a fish's gills are! They are made to draw oxygen from the water, so the fish can breathe, papa said; but I don't know what oxygen is," interrupted Daisy.

Nell continued her lesson, well pleased that Daisy was interested.

"After awhile you will discover a pair of hind legs forming, then a pair of front ones. The creature will soon cease to be a tadpole. You won't see the long tail drop off, but will observe it grow less and less as it is absorbed into the animal system. The mouth will grow wider, until it reaches the size you see in a fully-developed frog.

"But, as you know, gills are an apparatus for obtaining oxygen from water, and as our frog intends to spend the greater part of his time upon land, he will need a pair of lungs. Accordingly lungs are gradually formed, and then our froggie can 'a-wooing go,' if he chooses."

"How queer! I didn't know there were so many funny things about a frog," observed Daisy.

"Yes, a frog is a wonderful little fellow, and I like to study him. Come, and I will show you a splendid green croaker we captured this morning. I put him in this glass-jar and supplied him with food, so I could watch him. I will let him out by-and-by."

"Oh, Nell, he is choking! See how he opens his mouth and gasps!"

"He is only swallowing air. See how firmly he shuts his mouth now. That is to keep the air from escaping and force it into his lungs. He has no ribs, as we have, to keep his lungs distended, and so has to work very hard in keeping them filled with air. Should anything hold his mouth open very long, he would suffocate.

"A frog absorbs some air through his skin, however, and he has the faculty of imbibing a quantity of water through his skin, equal in amount to his whole weight. Sometimes, if suddenly frightened, he will eject a large quantity of water from his body. It is clear and pure, though people used to think it poisonous."

"I saw him catch an ant then, Nell. He darted out his tongue quick as a flash."

"Yes; his tongue is a wonderful instrument. He sits perfectly quiet and the poor ants never suspect anything until they are struggling on the tip of his tongue. When he is through his meal, his tongue is doubled over so the tip is at the back.

"You would never guess, Daisy, that a frog has teeth, but he has eighty of them; but no one knows what they are for, as the frog does not chew his food, and the teeth are in an undeveloped state.

"One of the most singular things about a frog is his gymnastic performances. He has a short, thick-set spine, and is possessed of great muscular strength. I have read that a frog is capable of leaping fifty times its length at one jump, and that if a man had equal muscular power he could clear three hundred feet at a bound, or leap over a wall one hundred feet high."

"I guess Jack would like to change into a frog a little while, he loves to jump so well," said Daisy, looking upon the croaker with a sudden respect.

"You are mistaken, Daisy, in thinking that frogs and toads can live for a long period without food or air. It has been proven by very thorough experiments, that when all supplies were cut off they would die.

"Toads, and frogs also, have been found in very curious places, but there must have been some small way for air, and moisture, and tiny insects to reach them, or they could not possibly have existed for the length of time they are said to have done.

"Under favorable circumstances, frogs have been known to reach the comfortable age of fifty years, which I think is quite long enough for a frog to live. I must tell you what a funny thing used to be done in some parts of Great Britain.

"The people in those places had great faith in the healing properties of the frog, and when a baby had a sore mouth, its mother would procure a live frog, and holding it by its hind legs, thrust it, struggling and squirming, into the baby's mouth."

"Oh, dear! how thankful I am that we have a sensible mamma!" observed Daisy. "I'll try and remember everything you have told me, Nell," she said, as she returned to her doll.—*Golden Days.*

WAS HE IN HIS RIGHT MIND?

BY JULIA SARGENT VISHER.

A wise old man had two sons who loved to be idle and were yet very anxious to be rich.

On his deathbed he called them to him and, with many pauses for breath, he feebly said:

"My boys, I have worked all my life, and now that I have come to die, it is pleasant to be able to leave to my sons a treasure. It is buried in yonder vineyard which you will now own. Dig and you will find the hidden treasure. Take it, divide it equally between you and be happy."

The young men listened closely to his words, but the oldest said: "Dear father, you have not told us in what spot of the vineyard we shall find the treasure."

It was too late. The father seemed unable to speak. He looked earnestly into the faces of his sons, and soon his painful breathing ceased forever.

When the funeral was over, the two young men started for the vineyard. It was winter and the ground quite stiff with frost. They could only search carefully the entire field to see if any mark would show the spot which held the treasure. In order to do this they were frequently obliged to cut back the neglected vines, that they might clearly see the ground. The vineyard was quite large, and in former years had flourished. But since the old man had become too feeble for its care, his idle sons had left it to itself, not thinking it "worth the trouble."

Soon spring came, and the eager sons were quickly on the ground with spade and shovel.

They began work in a neglected corner strewn with stones. Every stone was upturned, tossed over the fence in fact, that they might not fail to know under which of the whole they had still to look for the hidden treasure.

"Whew! but isn't this work? But we must dig deep; for our father was too careful to hide money where a foot might kick it up," said Harry, as they worked.

But the corner was cleared of every stone and weed without revealing the object of their search.

"Where shall we try next, John?" said the younger son, as between hope and discouragement he leaned upon his spade.

"Don't you know how often father used to be in the south side of the field? I believe the treasure is there."

And so they went to work again throwing up and breaking in pieces every clod in this part of the vineyard. But it was in vain.

It was now twilight, and they were ready enough to pause in the work, to begin the next morning in a spot where John now remembered to have seen his father only a week before he took to his bed.

They worked here with new zeal; but it soon gave way to discouragement. But they could not make up their minds to give up the search as hopeless. Much as they disliked to work to earn money, it was quite another thing to work to find it. And work they did; but when every clod in the vineyard had been beaten to pieces, and they had searched about the roots of every vine, they could clearly search no more.

"Who would have thought our father was out of his head, when he spoke so like himself?" said John.

"Of course he was," said Harry, "and we may as well give up this business."

Neither son entered the vineyard again for months. It had borne so little in previous years that they thought nothing of the crop until they passed that way at nearly harvest time. Then they saw that the vines which they had accidentally pruned and dug about so faithfully, were fairly loaded with fine grapes. They did not realize the abundance of the crop until it was sold.

On their way home from market, both John and Harry seemed to have more thinking to do than talking.

But when they reached the vineyard and sat down to count the gold once more, John said:

"Do you know I wondered at the first why father should have buried a treasure in the field, when he never seemed afraid of thieves. I wonder if he meant the money we got for the grapes."

"I suppose he knew we were so contemptibly lazy, that we should never dig the field unless he set some trap," Harry answered.

"Dear old man, I guess his mind was sound enough when he said there was a treasure buried in the field. Say, Harry, it will pay us to dig for it again next year."

So they did, and the fertile, well-tilled field furnished its diligent young owners a treasure every year, which, as their father had bade them, they divided equally, and were prosperous and happy.—*Church and Home.*

A GENUINE GHOST STORY.

Some years ago there was a lone house standing near a plantation not far from Guildford. This house nobody would ever take, because it was haunted and strange noises were heard in it every night after dark. Several tenants tried it, but were frightened away by the noises. At last one individual, more courageous than the rest, resolved to unravel the mystery. He accordingly armed himself *cap-a-pie*, and having put out the light, remained sentry in one of the rooms. Shortly he heard on the stairs pit, pat; a full stop; then pit, pat; a full stop again. The noise was repeated several times, as though some creature, ghost or no ghost, were coming up-stairs. At last the thing, whatever it was, came close to the door of the room where the sentry was placed, and listening, his heart, too, chimed in with the tune pit, pat, rather faster than it was wont to do. He flung open the door—hurry, skurry, bang; something went down-stairs with a tremendous jump, and all over the bottom of the house the greatest confusion, as of thousands of demons rushing in all directions, was heard! This was enough for one night. The next night our crafty sentry established himself on the first landing, with a heap of straw and a box of lucifer matches. Soon all was quiet. Up the stairs again came the pit, pat—pit, pat. When the noise was close to his ambush, he scraped his match and set fire to his straw, which blazed up like a bonfire in an instant. And what did he see? Only a rabbit, which stood on his hind legs as much astonished as was the sentry! Both man and beast having mutually inspected each other, the biped hurled a sword at the quadruped, which disappeared downstairs quicker than he came up. The noise made was only the rabbit's fore and hind feet hitting the boards as he hopped from one stair to the other. The rabbits had got into the house from the neighboring plantation, and had fairly frightened away, by their nocturnal wanderings, the rightful owners thereof. The more courageous sentry was rewarded for his vigil, for he held his tongue as to the cause of the ghost. He got the house at a reduced rent, and several capital rabbit-pies made of the ghosts' bodies into the bargain. —*Buckland.*

EAST LONDON.

'Twas August, and the fierce sun overhead
Smote on the squalid streets of Bethnal Green,
And the pale weaver, through his window seen
In Spitalfields, looked thrice dispirited;
I met a preacher there I knew, and said:
"Ill and o'er-worked, how fare you in this scene?"
"Bravely!" said he, "for I of late have been
Much cheered with thoughts of Christ, the living bread."
O human soul! so long as thou canst so
Set up a mark of everlasting light,
Above the howling senses' ebb and flow,
To cheer thee and to right thee if thou roam,
Not with lost toil thou laborest through the night!
Thou mak'st the heaven thou hop'st indeed thy home.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

WATCH DOG.—A thief, who had broke into the shop of Cellini, the Florentine artist, and was breaking open the caskets, in order to come at some jewels, was arrested in his progress by a dog, against whom he found it a difficult matter to defend himself with a sword. The faithful animal ran to the room where the journeymen slept; but as they did not seem to hear him barking, he drew away the bedclothes, and pulling them alternately by the arms, forcibly awaked them; then barking very loud, he showed the way to the thieves, and went on before; but the men would not follow him, and at last locked their door. The dog having lost all hopes of the assistance of these men, undertook the task alone, and ran down stairs; he could not find the villain in the shop, but immediately rushing into the street, came up with him, and tearing off his cloak, would have treated him according to his deserts, if the fellow had not called to some tailors in the neighborhood, and begged they would assist him against a mad dog; the tailors believing him, came to his assistance, and compelled the poor animal to retire.

Question Corner.—No. 2.

Answers to these questions should be sent in as soon as possible and addressed EDITOR NORTHERN MESSENGER. It is not necessary to write out the question, give merely the number of the question and the answer. In writing letters always give clearly the name of the place where you live and the initials of the province in which it is situated.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

13. Fire from heaven fell and consumed two companies of soldiers. Who were these soldiers and who called down the fire?
14. At whose command did iron float on water?
15. What man was supplied with his daily food by birds of prey?
16. Why was he fed in this way?
17. Bitter waters were made sweet by the branch of a tree. What waters were these?
18. Prison doors opened of themselves, and chained prisoners were set free. Who were these prisoners?
19. A boy, sent with some bread and parched corn to his brothers, was the means of deciding a battle in favor of his country. Who was the boy and what did he do?
20. What three young men walked in the midst of a fire without having even their clothes singed?
21. Deep darkness overspread a land for three days, but in some dwellings there was light. Where was this?
22. Who said, "I have esteemed the words of his mouth more than my necessary food"?
23. To whom did Jesus relate the parable of the Good Samaritan?
24. Who says "He that loveth not, knoweth not God; for God is love"?

BIBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A twin son of one of the patriarchs.
2. The youngest son of his twin brother.
3. The most ancient of the prophets, whose prophecy, though not included in Scripture canon, is recorded in one of the epistles of the New Testament.
4. A town in Galilee where Jesus spent the days of His youth.
5. A village where He revealed Himself to two of His disciples on the evening after His resurrection.
6-7. The father and mother of John the Baptist.
8. The ancient name of the place where dwelt Joseph, in whose tomb our Lord was buried.

These initials form the name of a memorial stone raised by Samuel in commemoration of a signal victory over the enemy at Mizpah. —*E. S. J., in Franconia, N. H.*

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 24.

277. Joshua and Judges; they give the account of the entrance and establishment of the Children of Israel in the promised land.
278. Acts of the Apostles supposed to have been written by Luke; and first, second and third Epistles and the Revelation by John.
279. Fire from the Lord devoured them, Lev. x. 1, 2.
280. He held his peace, Lev. x. 3.
281. It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good, 1 Sam. iii. 18.
282. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord, Job i. 21.
283. Sixteen.
284. The Book of the prophet Jeremiah, and The Lamentations of Jeremiah.
285. Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel and Daniel.
286. Samuel, 1 Sam. ix. 27.
287. Nathan, 2 Sam. xii, and Gad, 2 Sam. xxiv.
288. Malachi; concerning John the Baptist, Mal. iv. 5, 6.

ANSWER TO BIBLE ACROSTIC.

Bethany, Emmaus, Tiberius, Hermon, Lebanon, Ebal, Hebrew, Ephesus, Melita.—*Bethlehem.*

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 21.—Helen Cranston, 12 ac; Mary E Coates, 12 ac; Edward B. Craig, 9 ac; Emerson Bull, ac.

To No 23.—Edward B. Craig, 13; Edward Phoenix, 12; Helen Cranston, 12; William C. Wickham, 12; Andrew Paterson, 12; Isabella B. Barr, 12; Mary Jane Brown, 12; R. Douglas, 12.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From the International Lessons for 1881, by Edwin W. Rice, as issued by American Sunday School Union.)

LESSON III.

JAN. 16.] [B. C. 4.

THE PROPHECY OF ZACHARIAS.

Luke 1: 67-79.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 76-79.

67. And his father Zacharias was filled with the Holy Ghost, and prophesied, saying,

68. Blessed be the Lord God of Israel; for he hath visited and redeemed his people,

69. And hath raised up an horn of salvation for us in the house of his servant David;

70. As he spake by the mouth of his holy prophets, which have been since the world began:

71. That we should be saved from our enemies, and from the hand of all that hate us;

72. To perform the mercy promised to our fathers, and to remember his holy covenant:

73. The oath which he sware to our father Abraham,

74. That he would grant unto us, that we being delivered out of the hands of our enemies might serve him without fear,

75. In holiness and righteousness before him, all the days of our life.

76. And thou, child, shalt be called the prophet of the Highest; for thou shalt go before the face of the Lord to prepare his ways;

77. To give knowledge of salvation unto his people by the remission of their sins.

78. Through the tender mercy of our God; whereby the dayspring from on high hath visited us.

79. To give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, to guide their feet into the way of peace.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The dayspring from on high hath visited us.—Luke 1: 79.

—:o:—

CENTRAL TRUTH.

In Christ shall all nations be blessed.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.—Title of last lesson?—Golden Text?—What is the song of Mary called?—Why?—Where was Mary?—What woman in the days of Moses sung a song?—What woman in time of Eli magnified the Lord?

NOTES.—DAVID, son of Jesse, succeeded Saul as king of Israel, was the father of Solomon, the wisest of kings and of men. ABRAHAM, see Lesson 2. "The song of praise now uttered by Zacharias had so gradually and completely ripened in his soul, that he could never forget it in future; it is the expression of the gospel as his heart had received it; the coming of Christ appears to him the true altar of salvation for his people, who henceforth, delivered from their enemies, shall perform real, true worship, celebrating the service of God in perpetual freedom. It is this that delights his heart as a priest. His heart's delight as a father is, that his son John shall be the herald of the Lord."—Lange. Thus singing he passes out of history.

EXPLANATIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) PROPHECY CONCERNING JESUS. (II.) PREDICTION CONCERNING JOHN.

I. PROPHECY CONCERNING JESUS.—(67-75.) FATHER, of John; FILLED, Holy Ghost was in his heart; PROPHESIED, spoke [illegible] the words concerning the future of Jesus and John; HATH VISITED, gave his only son; REDEEMED, provided salvation; HIS PEOPLE, who accept the benefits of redemption; HORN, symbol of power; HOUSE OF, family of, a lineal descendant of David; MOUTH OF.... PROPHETS, "all his holy prophets since the world began," Acts 3: 21; WE, the true church of God, also individual Christians; ENEMIES, whoever or whatever opposes Christ and his gospel; TO PERFORM, Oh! he shall do this; OUR FATHERS, Old Testament saints; HOLY COVENANT, made to Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and Moses; GRANT US, give us power to serve God aright.

II. PREDICTION CONCERNING JOHN.—(76-79.) THOU, CHILD, Zacharias' son, John the Baptist; PROPHET, one who foretells; THE HIGHEST, the Messiah; GO BEFORE, see Mal. 3: 1; PREPARE, announce, proclaim as the herald of a prince, preach; GIVE KNOWLEDGE, John preached repentance and faith in an approaching Messiah, see Matt. 3; REMISSION, pardon; DAYSPRING, an allusion to Christ as the fountain of light, John 1: 6-9; THEM THAT SIT IN DARKNESS, without Christ, in their sins; DEATH, separation from God; WAY OF PEACE, Jesus says, "I am the way," John 14: 6.

POINTS TO NOTICE.—Where in this lesson are we taught:

1. That the Holy Ghost in the heart fills the mouth with praise?
2. That God's promises never fail?
3. That true service is without fear?
4. That there is no salvation without forgiveness of sins?
5. That Christ is our guide from darkness into light?

LESSON IV.

JAN. 23.] [B. C. 4.

THE BIRTH OF JESUS.

Luke 2: 8-20.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 10-14.

8. And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

9. And lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid.

10. And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

11. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

12. And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

13. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,

14. Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and good will toward men.

15. And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said to one another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.

16. And they came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger.

17. And when they had seen it, they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this child.

18. And all they that heard it wondered at those things which were told them by the shepherds.

19. But Mary kept all these things and pondered them in her heart.

20. And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen, as it was told unto them.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men.—Luke 2: 14.

—:o:—

CENTRAL TRUTH.

A Saviour comes to redeem his people.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.—What was the immediate occasion of Zacharias' prophecy?—Why does he call the Lord blessed?—What terms did he apply to Christ?—What high title did he give to his son John?—How many lessons thus far in Luke?—Titles?—Golden Texts?

NOTES.—SAME COUNTRY, in the neighborhood of Bethlehem, about a mile from the town. CITY OF DAVID, Bethlehem was the birthplace of David; hence "the city of David"; it has existed over 4,000 years, its present name being Beit-Laam; it stands about six miles south of Jerusalem, and although never a very important place, its associations and history make it one of the most interesting. It now contains about 3,000 inhabitants. It is often mentioned in the Bible. The precise place of our Lord's birth has been left in obscurity. A church, known as the Church of the Nativity, which is over 1,500 years old, is built over a grotto which, according to tradition, is the site of that great event, but its claim as the true locality rests wholly on tradition, covered with much superstition, which renders the identification of small value. The grotto is in the solid limestone rock, and affixed to it is a marble slab on which a silver star marks the supposed spot. It is sufficient for us to know that Jesus was born, and that he died and rose again, and is now at God's right hand our Friend and Saviour. MARY AND JOSEPH, Mary is usually mentioned first when both are given in the same connection. JOSEPH, the son of Heli and the reputed father of Jesus. He was a just man and of the house and lineage of David; by trade a carpenter. When Jesus was 12 years of age Joseph went up to Jerusalem to celebrate the passover, and thereafter his name is not mentioned in sacred history. It is supposed that he died before he attained his thirtieth year.

EXPLANATIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) GLAD TIDINGS BROUGHT. (II. GLAD TIDINGS RECEIVED. (III.) GLAD TIDINGS PROCLAIMED.

I. GLAD TIDINGS BROUGHT.—(8-14.) ABIDING, shepherds in the East stay with their flocks through the night; KEEPING WATCH, by turns; CAME UPON, suddenly; GLORY OF THE LORD, divine light; SORE AFRAID, so were the disciples at the transfiguration; TO ALL PEOPLE, the gospel for all, without distinction; A SAVIOUR, his mission announced, SIGN, a triple one—a babe, swaddling clothes and manger; by these the shepherds would know him; A MULTITUDE, "an angel choir in the gallery of the firmament."—Whedon. GLORY,... PEACE... GOOD-WILL, "God is praised in heaven, and peace is proclaimed on earth, because he has shown his good-will to men, by sending the Messiah, who is the Prince of Peace, and has reconciled heaven and earth, God and man."—Schaff.

II. GLAD TIDINGS RECEIVED.—(15-16.) ANGELS GONE, from whence they came; LET US GO, anxious to see the wonderful child; NOW, no delay in discussion; THIS THING, what the angels had told them: LORD MADE KNOWN, angels only messengers from the Lord; WITH HASTE, eager, not doubtful; IN A MANGER, Jesus is found sometimes in unexpected places. He is always with his people; and his presence comforts the humble heart.

III. GLAD TIDINGS PROCLAIMED.—(17-20.) SEEN IT, wonderful sight; MADE KNOWN, first preachers of Christ; ABROAD, to all whom they met; Herod at Jerusalem did not hear of it until the Magi's visit; THOSE THINGS, the angels, the glory, the song, the message, the babe; MARY KEPT, all the train of events from the annunciation on; PONDERED, thought over, often and anxiously; RETURNED, to the care of their flocks; PRAISING, glimpses of Jesus fill the soul with joy and the lips with praise.

POINTS TO NOTICE.—What in this lesson teaches us: 1. That God honors the lowly? 2. That Jesus is the Saviour of men? 3. That those who find Jesus should proclaim him to others?

LESSON V.

JAN. 30.] [B. C. 4.

SIMEON AND THE CHILD JESUS.

Luke 2: 25-36.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 29-32.

25. And, behold, there was a man in Jerusalem, whose name was Simeon; and the same was just and devout, waiting for the consolation of Israel: and the Holy Ghost was upon him.

26. And it was revealed unto him by the Holy Ghost, that he should not see death, before he had seen the Lord's Christ.

27. And he came by the Spirit into the temple: and when the parents brought in the child Jesus, to do for him after the custom of the law,

28. Then took he him up in his arms, and blessed God, and said,

29. Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word:

30. For mine eyes have seen thy salvation,

31. Which thou hast prepared before the face of all people;

32. A light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel.

33. And Joseph and his mother marvelled at those things which were spoken of him.

34. And Simeon blessed them, and said unto Mary his mother, Behold, this child is set for the fall and rising again of many in Israel; and for a sign which shall be spoken against

35. (Yea, a sword shall pierce through thy own soul also); that the thoughts of many hearts may be revealed.

GOLDEN TEXT.

For mine eyes have seen thy salvation.—Luke 2: 30.

—:o:—

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.—Title of Lesson IV.?—Class of persons mentioned?—Hour?—Near what place?—Who appeared to the shepherds?—Message?—What is Bethlehem called?—Titles of Jesus in ver. 11?—Sign given to the shepherds?—Song of the angels?—Conduct of shepherds?—What is said of Mary?—Unto whom was a Saviour born?

NOTES.—JERUSALEM, the largest city in Palestine and the capital of the Israelitish nation; eighteen miles from the Jordan valley opposite the northern end of the Dead Sea, and thirty-two miles from the Mediterranean. Many important Bible events are connected with this famous city, it being mentioned in the Scriptures over 800 times, beginning probably with Salem in Gen 14: 18. SIMEON. Luke alone mentions this devout man; our knowledge of him is very meagre, some suppose that he was the father of Gamaliel, Paul's teacher.—HOLY GHOST, "the Holy Spirit is the third person of the Holy Trinity, of one essence or nature with the Father and the Son, yet distinct from them. He is the author of regeneration and sanctification. He applies the work of redemption to us, and makes us partakers of all the benefits of Christ, of his righteousness, life and death. He is our advocate who pleads our cause, who strengthens and comforts us and prepares us for glory in heaven. Our English version uses, in most passages, the term Holy Ghost; in four passages Holy Spirit, which is better."—Schaff's Bible Dictionary. JESUS, at this time forty days old. GENTILES, "this was the name by which the Jews designated all men but themselves, i.e., all pagan nations who were ignorant of the true God and idolaters (Acts 26: 17-20; Rom. 3: 9; 9: 24). In opposition to the Gentiles the Hebrews regarded themselves, and were in fact the chosen 'people of God.'"—Schaff's Bible Dictionary. JOSEPH, MARY, ISRAEL, see previous lessons.

EXPLANATIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) SIMEON AND THE HOLY SPIRIT. (II.) SIMEON AND THE CHILD JESUS. (III.) SIMEON AND THE CHILD'S PARENTS.

I. SIMEON AND THE HOLY SPIRIT.—(25-27.) BEHOLD, introduces something of importance; JUST, honest with man; DEVOUT, toward God; WAITING, daily and anxiously looking for; CONSOLATION OF ISRAEL, expected in the coming Messiah, who was to relieve his people from all their distresses; HOLY GHOST, see Notes; UPON HIM, filled with; REVEALED, made known; SEE DEATH, "Simeon is in the noblest sense the eternal Jew of the Old Covenant who cannot die before he has seen the promised Messiah"—Lange. LORD'S CHRIST, Jehovah's anointed One, the Messiah; CUSTOM OF THE LAW, see Lev. 12: 6-8.

II. SIMEON AND THE CHILD JESUS.—(28-32.) BLESSED, praised; NOW LETTEST, ready and willing to go, being God's time; ACCORDING TO THY WORD, referring to the previous revelation; THY SALVATION, in the infant Jesus Simeon recognized the appointed Saviour of the world; ALL PEOPLE, all nations, verse 32. See Isa. 49: 6, 7.

III. SIMEON AND THE CHILD'S PARENTS.—(33-35.) MARVELLED, wondered at the glorious career predicted of their child; SAID UNTO Mary, blesseth both, but addresses the mother; IS SET, is appointed; A SIGN, an easily seen object, made more so by being SPOKEN AGAINST, despised, rejected, dying on the cross; A SWORD SHALL PIERCE, Mary would feel in the death of Jesus as if she had died by the sword; THOUGHTS REVEALED, Christ's appearing brings to light good and evil.

POINTS TO NOTICE.—Where are we taught in this lesson:

1. That a just and devout man is filled with the Holy Ghost?
2. That the Spirit leads good men?
3. That the Holy Spirit is a Revealer?
4. That Christ is a discerner of the thoughts of the heart?
5. That we are not ready to die until we seek the Lord?

IMPROVING.

The NORTHERN MESSENGER is more than holding its own this year. At the beginning of the season we had some doubts about sustaining the remarkable increase of last year. But the present indications are that there will be a very great increase on even that. This shows very plainly the estimation in which this paper is held. Each year its readers increase by thousands, and it is known over the whole of North America. There seems to be no limit to the circulation and influence it may attain.

A FINE CHRISTMAS GIFT.

It seems a strange time of the year for a paragraph headed "A Fine Christmas Gift"; but not so strange when the reader knows that it is being written the day before Christmas, while everybody is thinking of presents and the young ladies employed in the MESSENGER office are decorating the building with evergreens and other seasonable decorations in honor of the holiday season. This fine Christmas gift referred to is one which the publishers of the NORTHERN MESSENGER and MONTREAL WITNESS are beginning to enjoy. Every day's returns show that the subscriptions of these papers are coming in twice as quickly as last year, and that means more than twice as quickly as ever before. This is an evidence of the appreciation of their labors that is most gratifying, and is accepted as such with heartfelt thanks.

NOTICE.

Subscribers to this paper will find the date their subscription terminates printed after the name. Those whose subscriptions expire at the end of the present month will please have the remittances mailed in time.

THE CLUB RATES for the "MESSENGER," when sent to one address, are as follows:—1 copy, 30c; 10 copies, $2.50; 25 copies, $6; 50 copies, $11.50; 100 copies, $22; 1,000 copies, $200. JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal.

EPPS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctor's bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*—Sold only in packets labelled—"JAMES EPPS & Co., Homœpathic Chemists, London, Eng."—Also makers of Epps's Chocolate Essence for afternoon use.

A GREAT CENT'S WORTH.

From 10 to 100 sample copies of the NORTHERN MESSENGER AND SABBATH-SCHOOL COMPANION (assorted numbers) will be sent free to any Sunday-school making application through one of its officials by Postal Card, or in other manner; the number to be asked for corresponding to the number of families in the school.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Montreal.

NEW YORK WITNESS PUBLICATIONS

NEW YORK WEEKLY WITNESS:

Single copy 4c, or $1.50 a year, or eight months for a dollar. Club of five for a year, $6; Club of eleven for a year, $12, if sent without any diminution. The WITNESS is almost the only paper that reports the progress of the INDEPENDENT CATHOLIC CHURCH.

NOTE.—As a special effort to double the WITNESS subscription list, we offer the privilege to each present subscriber when renewing his own copy to order another for a new subscriber, and both will be sent separately for a year for $2. Any old friend of the WITNESS can have the same privilege.

SABBATH READING:

A weekly eight-page religious paper, 1c a copy, or 50c a year. Parcels of one hundred for 75c, or twenty-five for 20c, will be sent as samples, either all of one number, or assorted. This paper has more choice reading matter for the money than any other we know.

GEMS OF POETRY:

A weekly eight-page paper, filled with the choicest poetry we can select; 2c a copy, or 75c a year. A club of three for $2, or ten for $6. The first volume, extending from 1st June to end of 1880, 31 numbers, will be sent for 40c, and any one who subscribed for the first six numbers or more can have the whole volume by remitting the difference between what he formerly paid and 40 cents.

All the above prices include postage, and sample copies will be sent free on application.

JOHN DOUGALL & CO.,
No. 7 Frankfort st., New York.

THE NORTHERN MESSENGER is printed and published on the 1st and 15th of every month, at Nos. 35 and 37 Bonaventure street, Montreal, by John Dougall & Son, composed of John Dougall, of New York, and John Redpath Dougall and J. D. Dougall, of Montreal.